

GRAPHIC

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Matters of Moment

A Triumph of Courage.

In his final message to the Legislature, Governor Pardee congratulated that body on various pieces of good legislation that were actually accomplished, and foremost in the list he mentions the constitutional amendment which will presently go to the people for adoption, which allows for interest on public funds. There is no doubt whatever that the amendment will carry and will go into effect with the necessary legislation two years hence. It is indeed a notable achievement.

Assuming that public deposits bring only two per cent, it will mean an average income to this city of \$20,000 a year—at the present time it would mean \$50,000. There is said to be \$75,000,000 of public funds in the State in various forms, which would produce an income of \$1,500,000 per annum—which is that much saved to the taxpayers.

For nearly thirty years the arrangement has gone on of either locking up public funds as the law required, or violating the law and subjecting the treasurer to prosecution for felony and allowing certain favored banks the advantage of the deposits without compensation to the people and without real protection against loss. At last this folly is to come to an end.

There was a judge—Curtis Dwight Wilbur—who had the courage to enforce the law at a time when the treasury of Los Angeles contained \$2,500,000, distributed among all the banks of the city. To him belongs the first and greatest credit. Then there was a grand jury made up of sincere and determined men who carried out the instructions of the court as considerately as possible, but nevertheless with firmness, and who refused to be turned aside by the threats and insults of a cowardly and self-seeking newspaper. Next came the Municipal League, which took up the agitation for an amendment, formulated a measure, got the commercial and civic organizations in line here and elsewhere in the State, and sent an efficient worker to Sacramento to follow up the measure, to see that it was neither pigeon-holed nor hopelessly disfigured in its progress through the Legislature. Of course, now that the contest is all over—or practically over—it seems very easy; but

if it was easy, why was it never done before? It was not easy, it was difficult, and honor is due to the men that made the fight.

Storms and Streets.

It has been somewhat embarrassing to explain to our amiable friends from the East that such a pluvial visitation as that of last Sunday and Monday is a most rare occurrence in this sunny clime they sought. One's explanations are received by the newcomer with polite but distinct incredulity. It has been difficult, also, for the Southern Californian to restrain some sign of satisfaction even when trying to express sympathy with the tourist whose nose was glued to the hotel window in mournful contemplation of the lowering skies and the flooded streets.

In vain have we assured them that such a storm has not been known in twenty years, and that to see lightning and hear thunder has been a charming reminiscence of childhood. With difficulty we have impressed upon them that every inch of rain is worth a million dollars or so to the country and that now Southern California will be fresh and green till midsummer. Some few of them have been magnanimous enough to congratulate us, but the majority have been politely bored. Then, as an attempted alleviation of their gloom, we have suggested that even such a rainstorm is mild and harmless in comparison with the blizzards to which they are so used at home.

Thus far, the task has not been distasteful because we have all been smiling in our sleeves (by the way, how do you smile in your sleeve?) at the thought of the enriching rain and its effect upon our own bank accounts.

But when the tourist querulously suggests that our streets are nothing to be proud of and insists that he had to take a hack to go one block to a drug store as the hotel didn't supply a boat, we find palliation or satisfactory pretense more difficult.

That locomotion was arduous, in some cases even perilous, at the beginning of the week, must have been realized by everyone who had to move outdoors. Despite the frantic efforts of a street superintendent, who knows his business and did his best, the streets were a disgrace to a civilized city. To see frail women compelled to disembark from a street car into a muddy torrent up to their knees should be even more distressing to the resident than to the tourist.

By next week we shall probably have forgotten all about it, and even if we are reminded of the fate of some friend who succumbed to pneumonia as a result of having had to walk a few miles home knee-deep in slush, we shall merely remark "Poor fellow! What a pity!"

But isn't it about time that we regarded this matter with some seriousness instead of the jovial jocularity with which we usually welcome the favors of the skies, however profuse? The Graphic would like to hear a report from the city engineer and street superintendent as to how far the projected storm drains will relieve the situation and an estimate of the cost to put our streets in shape to cope with the occasional deluge. After each storm we read a report from the city hall that so many thousand dollars' worth of damage was done to the streets. We repair the streets but do not improve them.

As a matter of economy, perpetual prevention

would seem to be considerably better than temporary cure. Los Angeles has outgrown the period when it can afford to permit its streets to be impassable and its business to be paralyzed whenever we get an inch or two of rain. This is a matter that might well receive the attention of the City Council before we have forgotten the unpleasantness and the perils of this week's storm.

Sacrifice and Science

The Japanese have crowned their almost unbroken series of victories with the greatest of them all—the complete routing of Kuropatkin and his enormous army of Mukden. The Russian losses, including prisoners, were considerably over the appalling total of 100,000 men. The shattered remnant of the Czar's "grand army" made a desperate retreat to Tie Pass, but "official Russia" instead of showing any signs of yielding, has issued orders for the mobilization of more troops. Unless Kuropatkin's retreat is cut off, it is believed he will fall back upon Harbin with as much speed as possible.

It is estimated that nearly a million men fought at Mukden, probably the most stupendous battle in the annals of the world. By comparison, the battles of Liao Yang and Shahke river were small engagements. Already, Oyama is hailed as the greatest general since Napoleon and civilization realizes that the Japanese are the best soldiers the world has ever seen.

The world is beginning to doubt if any white race could compete with the little brown men in warfare. The experts have declared that Port Arthur would have been impregnable to any other Nation than the Japanese. They are a people who, Frederick Palmer aptly says, "mask their sacrifices with a smile." There have been other nations whose armies with blind zeal have courted the glory of death, but there has been none that ever combined such magnificent recklessness with the most scientific strategy. "No other generals," says the London Spectator, "even if commanding German, or French, or British troops, would have ventured to expend so many trained men on such an effort, or would have been so uninfluenced by the fear that the hideous slaughter which marked every repulse and every partial victory might demoralize their soldiery, or so appall their people at home that a continuance of the policy of attack would become impossible."

The Japanese do not count the cost. The cost is one of the first considerations that appeals to Western civilizations, because of the high value they place on individual life. Such sheer disregard of life, whenever it is deemed necessary to sacrifice it, has been the most illuminating feature of the Japanese character and campaign. But at the same time, they are at infinite pains never to sacrifice a life unnecessarily. Their losses from disease and unskillful surgery have been insignificant in comparison with those of any army in modern history. They regard life simply as so much ammunition; if necessary, it is spent as easily as their cartridges are exploded, but neither life nor cartridge is wasted or spoiled from lack of any care that science can devise. It is this extraordinary combination of sacrifice and science that has made the armies of Japan invincible. That seems to be the lesson that the Japanese are teaching the world.

"It is," says the Argonaut, "a tremendous fact that the Manchurian war has revealed to us, but is it not, also, a little sinister? Are we yet awake to the subtle change that has come over the face of the world in the year that has just ended?" Only the suggestion is sinister that the Japanese, having established themselves as a world power, may seek new fields to conquer, and that a Western civilization would be unable to stop their onward march. "Shall we even affirm that we, big as we are," asks the Argonaut, "could wage a successful war in a distant land (say the Philippines) against the Japanese?"

Some philosophers there are who accept the prospect, indefinite as it is and perhaps only a symptom of "the yellow peril," with equanimity. "All right," they say, "it is simply a question of the survival of the fittest. If the little brown men prove stronger than we are, we shall have to go under." But the ideals of Western civilization have for two thousand years been endeavoring to uphold man's hope that there was a higher standard for humanity than that impressed by the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. How will the practice of these ideals, with the higher value they put on life and its purpose, contend with this new and wonderful development of Oriental energy?

Willard, Mud and Mileage

A correspondent writes: "The organization in the Legislature saw fit to bring about Charles D. Willard's rejection as a member of the Normal School Board. Mr. Willard is to be congratulated. The hostility of such an indecently suborned boss controlled body as the Senate is the best honor that could be given to the man who has brought the Normal school out of a slough of incompetency and worse into the position of a reputable institution. But of all the silly and unscrupulous lies about Willard, the insinuation by Editor Mixit that he had benefitted by 'mileage' was the work. The only mileage Willard could have claimed would have been carfare, and I'll bet he didn't. I happen to know that while he was foreman of the Grand Jury he was living at Terminal Island and could have charged the county with \$75 or so. But he didn't. Do better next time with your lance, poor Editor Mixit."

The Right to Labor in Joy

Out on the road they have gathered, a hundred thousand men,
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf's hold in his den.
Their need lies close to the quick of life as the earth lies close
to the stone;
It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.

They ask but the leave to labor, to toil in the endless night,
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses water-tight.
They ask but the right to labor and to live by the strength
of their hands—
They who have bodies like knotted oaks, and patience like
sea-sands.

And the right of a man to labor and his right to labor in
joy—
Not all your laws can strangle that right, nor the gates of
hell destroy.
For it came with the making of man and was kneaded into
his bones,
And it will stand at the last of things on the dust of crum-
bled thrones.

—Edwin Markham.

By The Way

Public Opinion and the Gas Ordinance.

Last Monday the Council passed an ordinance regulating the quality and service of gas, and taking the preliminary steps towards fixing a maximum price. The same ordinance also provides for the regulation of the business of the electric and telephone companies. This ordinance was introduced by Dr. Houghton several months ago, and was promptly relegated to dignified oblivion in the "Committee of the Whole." At intervals the Doctor has asked that it be taken from the committee and given public discussion by the Council. "If you don't wish to pass it," he said, "vote it down; but at least give it fair consideration." But his motions, as usual, received no second, and the ordinance slumbered. In the meantime, the newspapers of the city whose utterances are recognized by the people as carrying the weight of honest sincerity—to-wit, the Express, Examiner and Record—have been calling the attention of the people to the peculiar conduct of their representatives, and mutterings of discontent at last reached a volume that seemed to spell RECALL in two or three wards. About that time the councilmen began to wake up and take notice. Finally, it was discovered that all the councilmen were really at heart desirous for the regulation of the utility companies and had been so all along, only somehow the thing had been overlooked and forgotten, don't you see?

The Present Council and the Last.

This incident gives us an insight into the character and disposition of the present Council as compared with the last. Whether it may be due to the operation of the recall and the referendum, or to an actual improvement in the personnel of the councilmen, I believe that experience will show a decided advance in the willingness of that body to pay attention to the wishes of the people when plainly and emphatically expressed. To consider them seriatim: Houghton is a professed and, I believe, sincere servant of the people. He shows a tendency at times to act as a mere aimless fault-finder and ignores the necessity that exists in every deliberative body to proceed by rule and system—but he improves. On any real issue between the people and the corporations, I believe he will be found on the right side. Kern is a clear-headed business man, whose chief concern in municipal matters appears to be that public work shall be honestly done and the city's finances be kept from wreck. The corporations have the first word with him, but not the last. Hiller and Hammon are men of good promise, who have every reason to desire a clean record to the end of their terms. They come from wards that will stand no nonsense, and if either one of them ever makes a serious misstep and persists in it, he will be Davenported. (That's a good word. We have imported and exported and transported; why not Davenported?) Smith also belongs in the anxious-to-please class, although none too anxious. He comes from a peculiar district—the notorious Fifth Ward, that sends Corney Pendleton to the Senate, Phil Stanton to the Assembly, and elects Bowen twice to the

Council. The Fifth is a "good thing" politically, and cares not a rap who its representatives are, as long as its automobile does not get out of order and its wife's dresses are delivered by the dressmaker in time for the function. Did the ward draw its customary blank in Smith? We shall see. It is impossible to tell what kind of a representative the Fourth Ward has this time, until we know what kind of a Council it is as a whole. Summerland is the human chameleon. Put him in with a good Council and he is pretty good. Put him in with a bad lot and he generally manages to dodge the issue. I wonder if he ever read Kipling's poem "Tomlinson." Ford and Healy are unknown quantities. I understand the First Warden was selected by McAleer, which sounds favorable. Still, I have heard that pretty girls like to go about with homely ones, to get the benefit of contrast. Blanchard's pocket borough of Boyle Heights gave us Blanchard this year. A pathetic Bowery ballad might be written about Blanchard to the refrain: "He will never be recalled." He is the only man in the entire bunch that may be depended upon to do just as he pleases and no questions asked. There are no mysteries about him; no one need wonder or speculate as to where he will stand. After his six years in former Councils he enters this body a known quantity, all ticketed, marked and catalogued. In that respect he is a great satisfaction to newspaper men and the public. Such is the new Council. More than a majority of them are honest, I believe. But are more than half of them sincere, courageous and devoted to the people?

The Only Way.

We have a new gas and electric ordinance—yes we have. If the gas doesn't come up to 16 candle power and possess proper heating qualities, we are going to haul the gas company into court and send its men to the chaingang—yes we will. If the electric companies don't mind their p's and q's we will send all of them and their stockholders and men to jail and they will be sending out orders and transacting business from the Castle Hammel—yes they will. They'd better look sharp—yes they had. We are in the saddle and we are going to make a wide path—yes we are. We are going to do it with some cheap politician who is to be made gas inspector or investigator or something. That's the sort of razor we are going to use to flay the lighting companies—yes it is. Just watch us! But isn't it history that the corporations always beat such ordinances by legal or other means? Why! we will never regulate the lighting companies until we own them.

Corporation Ethics.

George I. Cochran is an attorney, and a corporation man. But he retains the right none the less to think for himself and to express his ideas. At the Conservative Life Insurance Company's banquet last week, Mr. Cochran read a paper on the "Ethics" of corporations. What it really of course had to be, was a study of what should be the ethics of corporations. It was a mighty good paper, one that should be published as a tract on economics. But it won't be, for as I said last week, we are too busy and in too much of a hurry to take our studies of corporations or anything else seriously. Mr. Cochran made one remark which is short and is worth your time to ruminate, when he said, "I be-

lieve the time is close at hand, when the law will require from corporations the same morality, and rectitude that it does from individuals." Mr. Cochran, like Beatrice, has good eyes, and "can see a church in the daylight."

She—Women have far cleaner minds than men.
He—Naturally; they change them so often.—Town Topics.

Happy Jonathans.

The Jonathan Club celebrated its entrance to new quarters with a reception Wednesday evening for the members and their ladies. A general public function of some kind is, I understand, contemplated for some future date. The seventh and eighth floors of the Huntington Building, which are devoted to the uses of the club, afford a total space as great as the whole of the Wilcox Block, ground floor and all. The windows facing all four points of the compass present an uninterrupted outlook from the mountains to the ocean and above the heads of the entire city, excepting only the Braly Block. The Jonathan Club is to be congratulated upon the unique and beautiful home that has been prepared for its use. The furnishing is in excellent taste and was done under the volunteer direction of the daughter of one of the members of the furnishing committee.

McLachlan's Service.

The Express calls attention to the splendid service done this district by James McLachlan and suggests that the people devise some practical plan for testifying their appreciation of his work. It would seem that a representative who has achieved so much for his constituency in spite of an incessant and galling fire from the rear, by a newspaper which would rather gratify a personal spite than advance the interests of the community, is entitled to be remembered with some kind of substantial gratitude. The Express says, with truth, that if McLachlan had served the corporations faithfully instead of the people, he would now be well-to-do instead of in very moderate circumstances. Yes, indeed! If the true inside history of the San Pedro-Santa Monica harbor fight is ever revealed, even Gen. Otis may realize that James McLachlan withheld most extraordinary temptations, thrusting aside the assurance of a more than comfortable income for life because of his faithful service of the people. Of course he only did his duty, but what percentage of men today in public life refuse steadfastly to allow personal profit to interfere with duty?

Let Bard Alone.

The Washington correspondent of the Times, with an imagination made to order, informs us that Thomas R. Bard "is going after Gov. Pardee with every ounce of steam that he and his friends can muster." In the light of recent history I do not imagine that Pardee will be particularly perturbed by this threat, although the "good doctor" will have all the trouble he wants within the next eighteen months. It is significant that Mr. Bard will not depend upon all the steam he himself can muster. His friends, who according to Gen. Otis's Washington man are to be included in the process of boiling Pardee, know to their cost that the revered Hueneme statesman can't get up enough steam to cook beans. It is an outrage if this meek and mild

old gentleman may not be allowed to retire gracefully and quietly from the field of politics he never should have entered. I am not surprised that Mr. Bard in his anxiety to escape the importunities of "his friends" is contemplating a year's travel abroad.

Gov. Pardee's Bed.

But the "good doctor" of Oakland has made his bed and will have to lie on it. Before he is out of it, he should be both weary and ashamed of his unseemly bed fellows. Pardee's "points" were well known to many besides the practical politicians before he received the nomination for the governorship by a piece of political good fortune—he was, in reality, a compromise candidate—and before, in a state overwhelmingly Republican, he was nearly beaten by Franklin K. Lane. He was known as a "trimmer", as a master of the art of being "all things to all men", and without sufficient force of character to stand for the Right for its own sake, especially when Pardee's own interests did not coincide with the Right. During the last two months Governor Pardee has demonstrated to everybody who cares to take his measure, just what manner of man he is. His alliance with the most unworthy legislature that has ever cumbered California has not enhanced his reputation. Governor Pardee last week effusively "congratulated" the thirty-sixth session of the Legislature upon the attainment of "solid and valuable results", also because it had taken "a new departure in finance". The Governor will be given plenty of opportunity to con over those suggestive phrases before the next Republican state convention. The late Legislature cost the State \$241,985. The last session under Gov. Gage cost \$161,243. That is to say, the expenses of the Legislature in four years have increased \$80,742 and in two years \$45,113—truly, "a solid result" and "a new departure in finance". Henry T. Gage sought renomination on an unprecedented record of economy; he was repudiated by the force of the personal enemies he had made. George C. Pardee apparently intends to seek renomination on an unprecedented record of extravagance. A man is known by the company he keeps. Gov. Pardee thought it to his interest to "stand in" with the

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pirates of the 1905 Legislature and "traded" with them. If I do not miss my guess his bed fellows will prove very irksome.

More Rot from Washington.

Another fruit of the Washington correspondent's inspired imagination is found in the Times's yarn that "charges of railroad domination over Flint have already been heard in Washington. It is widely gossiped here that Senator Flint's private secretary was dictated to him by railway interests". The Times man will have to look further to find evidences of "railroad domination" than that. It is too bad that Gen. Otis should have to pay telegraph tolls on such unmitigated rot. Everybody knows that Senator Flint selected his own secretary out of his own law office, and the only reason for that selection was the senator's personal preference for a clerk of whose ability and faithfulness he had had the closest experience for months. Try again, Mr. Little! Senator Flint has hard enough row to hoe, between the tares of Southern Pacific influence and the wheat of popular legislation, without any such silly canards as this.

Puerile Spite.

Senators Pendleton, Carter, Broughton and Savage are said to have been responsible for the "holding up" of C. D. Willard's reappointment by Gov. Pardee as trustee of the Los Angeles Normal School. How proud they must feel of themselves as they bring home with them this crowning effort of their legislative record! What are the facts of the case, as seen by any fair-minded person, by almost everyone indeed except a few disgruntled politicians and the Los Angeles Times? Mr. Willard was chosen by the Governor because of his eminent fitness for the position, because of his experience, independence and good judgment. Mr. Willard has served on the board of trustees for the last two years with admirable efficiency. Too many previous boards had discharged nominal duties in a perfunctory spirit and "allowed things to slide". They slid so far that the faculty and the students of the Normal were rapidly becoming demoralized. New blood was put into the board in the persons of C. D. Willard and Dr. Lewis R. Thorpe. The new blood was responsible for a regeneration, and today the Normal School is under the guidance of a man thoroughly equipped by personal qualities and experience for the helm. Mr. Willard did not seek reappointment. He is a very busy man without giving up valuable time to gratuitous public service. But the Governor, conscious of Willard's valuable services, was anxious to retain him. The petty spite of a few selfish politicians, however, stood in the way of his reappointment; selfish politicians, upon whose toes Willard has probably trodden in the discharge of his civic duty. The plain unvarnished truth is that no man, or for that matter no two men, have done as much for municipal reform in Los Angeles as C. D. Willard. It is for this reason, doubtless, that the politicians, who think of themselves first and the public interest last, regard Willard with spiteful hatred. The politicians are afraid, the Los Angeles Times is jealous, of Willard's influence. Unpopularity from such quarters for so good a cause can be borne with equanimity. If Messrs. Pendleton, Carter, Broughton, Savage or Otis, are ever doubt-

ful of Willard's influence in Los Angeles, let me refer them to one Ernest R. Werdin. In the meantime, I understand, Governor Pardee will not appoint anyone to fill Willard's place on the board, but when sufficient time has elapsed for him to forget the "protest" of our "honorable representatives" at Sacramento he will reappoint Willard. I hope that the Governor will for once show that he has the courage of his convictions.

At Whose Orders?

I do not for a moment believe that the opposition of the four senators to Willard's reappointment was entirely of their own volition or the result of their independent judgment. They probably acted in this matter as about seventy per cent of our legislators in the last session acted on all matters—as Walter Parker told them to act. I doubt if any political boss in any state legislature has ever so completely controlled the situation as did the Southern Pacific representative at Sacramento. Parker considers it one of his duties in life to teach lessons to those who oppose him. As secretary of the Municipal League Willard may have had the temerity to take a stand on civic affairs at variance with Parker's interests. I do not blame Parker. It is his business to keep a whip hand over the politics and politicians of Southern California. That is what he is paid for. Nor do I object to the boss system. It cannot be avoided. But I should prefer to see Parker employed as boss for the people's interests instead of for those of the Southern Pacific Railway. Some day when we wake up we shall have a boss of our own to represent the People's interests as against those of the Southern Pacific or other corporations. But we shall have great difficulty in finding anyone able to cope with Walter F. Parker.

Mrs. Wilcox Influence.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has provided a fruitful topic of conversation here during the past two or three weeks. Mrs. Wilcox has turned out a prodigious amount of literary work during the last quarter of a century, much of it good and much of it bad. The most demoralizing task that can be imposed upon a poet is the daily demand upon him to fill so much space. For some years Mrs. Wilcox has been under contract with W. R. Hearst to supply so much grist to his mill, and, naturally it is uneven. It is the fashion among "literary fellers" to sneer or jeer at much of Mrs. Wilcox's work, but I have no hesitation in saying that there is not a woman in the world who wields a wider influence, for she addresses each day an enormous audience. Mrs. Wilcox was the guest of honor at the big reception and entertainment given for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Temple Auditorium last night. So charged with enthusiasm for Mrs. Wilcox is the atmosphere around the Examiner office that a typesetter in printing the musical program for the entertainment made "Elsa's Dream," "Ella's."

Why She Couldn't.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox was an interested spectator of her play, "Mizpah", at the Burbank Monday evening. I asked her how she was surviving the performance and she assured me she was quite well. Between the acts, Charlie Eyton, who during Mr. Mo-

roso's illness has been acting manager of the house, asked Mrs. Wilcox if she wouldn't like to "go behind." The authoress under Eyton's guidance "went back" and said a few gracious things to the principals. On returning to her box, Mrs. Wilcox told Eyton that she would like to have about two hours with the company the following morning. "There are a few things I should like to show some of them," she confided into the acting manager's ear. "I'm sorry," replied Eyton, "I'm afraid it will be quite impossible to rehearse 'Mizpah' any more." "Why so?" asked Mrs. Wilcox in distress. "Well," explained Charlie, "tomorrow morning the company will be hard at work over 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room.'"

Stella—Maude asked George to kiss her.
Bella—Well, I like her cheek!
Stella—So did George.

Work for Chain Gang.

Four years ago a member of the City Council, Frank Walker, urgently requested—almost begged—his fellow members to send the chain gang into the river bed and clear out the willows and other undergrowth that had sprung up within the city limits. This politician and that politician had other uses for the chain gang and Mr. Walker was over-ruled. Indeed, I know of more than one piece of private property that was graded about that time at the city's expense, by the chain gang. The work was done of course as a repayment for favors, political and other. The wisdom of Frank Walker's suggestion was shown during the storms of the present week. Any engineer will tell you that where a dry river bed is kept clear, there is little danger when floods come. But the Los Angeles river with its overgrown bed, has cut itself a narrow channel and in one place has cut clear under the concrete foundation of the Ninth street bridge imperilling that structure. Engineers tell me that if the river bed had been kept clear and the water allowed to run where it would be free from the impediments of willow roots, the stream would never have cut deep enough to go below the foundation of the bridge.

Private Owners Know.

Private land owners know enough to keep the river beds clear, even if city councils are obtuse. I am told that Michael Cudahy, the Chicago millionaire and packer, has spent several thousand dollars in cleaning the river bed where it goes through his ranch—not only that, but he keeps the bed clear above and below his property. Mr. Cudahy escapes material damage. Now that the city has had its lesson, the chain gang should start in away above the Buena Vista street bridge and make a clearance to the south city limits and below. This will not only add to the safety of property but will abate a favorite roosting place for tramps. And while the chain gang is about it, it would not be a bad plan to



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evict the squatters and hog ranchers. Neither should the dumping of Cudahy's slaughter house refuse and the Southern California Canning company's refuse, and the black gas house refuse be permitted. That river bed should be kept unfouled and clear as a measure of public safety.

More Surgeons Needed.

More surgeons are needed at the city hospital. We had two and the City Council has divided a bit of political patronage by creating two more. I think about nine is the proper number of surgeons for that place. That will give each councilman a nice piece of political pap and everybody will be happy. Then each surgeon will have to be on watch but little less than three hours a day, and that is all any man should be asked to do for a salary of \$100 or \$150 a month. I favor nine surgeons. What difference if the taxpayers have to put up the cash?

Oh, Mr. Hanley!

Mr. Hanley, what is the matter with Fourth street between Main and Spring? Does the Hellman building obscure your vision? For months the north side of that thoroughfare has been a good place for a garden or a grove. And for weeks a hole, big enough to swallow a coach, which bears a little inoffensive sign, "danger," has added to the decorative effect. A guest at the Van Nuys suggested recently to the hotel management, that Mr. Potter should plant ornamental trees in the earth patch on the north side of the street. Even the late rains made no impression on the dirt. There may be some reason why a hole in the street that is marked dangerous should stay there for a few weeks, but Mr. Hanley, you should try to have it filled and paved before your term runs out.

Miss Pert—Which half is it that doesn't know how the other half lives?

Miss Caustique—The better half.

The Argonaut and Miss Overton.

I shall be interested to see if the Argonaut succeeds in "drawing" Gwendolen Overton, the clever novelist that Los Angeles is proud to call her own. Miss Overton is developing as a controversialist. In her last book, "Captains of the World", the labor question is discussed with a free hand. Now Miss Overton has come to the defense of the assassin of Grand Duke Sergius, or, rather, she has striven to show the Argonaut the fallacy of its judgment that "the slayer Sergius (by deduction any assassin) is a murderer—no more." The Argonaut admits that Miss Overton's "defense of assassination" is well-reasoned and thoughtful, but is anxious to know "if we are mistaken in supposing that Miss Gwendolen Overton is a Socialist?" This is what aroused my interest—will Miss Overton consent "to be drawn" and to declare herself? As a matter of fact, there is nothing whatever in Miss Overton's apology for a political avenger to justify the inference that she is a Socialist. Nor does Socialism advocate or attempt to justify any form of violence. But the Argonaut seems to regard the very word with almost as much repulsion as does the Los Angeles Times, which is in the habit of confounding Socialism with its antithesis Anarchy. The gist of Miss Overton's well reasoned argument was that "to brand the assassin a mur-

derer, it would seem needful to bring fairly convincing argument in favor of malicious motive. Without that motive he is no more a murderer than the soldier who kills in battle." Furthermore, "all questions of reason aside, that man who gives over his body to probable torture, and his life to the certain executioner, that he may help save his fellows who are suffering wrongs and cruelties" cannot be justly branded as "a murderer—no more." You do not have to be a Socialist to concur with this eminently sound and generally accepted view, advanced by Miss Overton.

Socialist Novelists.

It is, however, a remarkable fact that several of the novelists who today are most impressing the public mind are pronounced advocates of Socialism. No writer in the English language has been more widely read during the last two years than Jack London. Both of his last novels, "The Call of the Wild" and "The Sea Wolf" have a strong, if indirect, tendency towards Socialism. His personal preference is to write sociological treatises rather than novels. His new book, the manuscript of which he has just forwarded to the Macmillan Company is entitled "The War of the Classes." As a diversion, he is running as the Socialist candidate for the mayoralty of Oakland. H. G. Wells, the brilliant commander of science and imagination, the author of "The Martians" and "The Food of the Gods," is an ardent convert of Socialism. The playwright who has at last won the ear of London as well as New York and who within the last twelve months has achieved the most talked of successes on the stage is George Bernard Shaw, one of the most active of Socialist propagandists. There is food for thought in these examples.

Rents.

No question is of more vital importance to business men than that of rents. The smaller merchants of Spring street and Broadway declare that rents are so high that they eat up all their profits. I went into a tiny candy store on Spring street the other day, and while making my purchase, suggested to the lady that served me that she had "a nice, little store." "Little?" she exclaimed indignantly, "you should measure it by my rent. I have to pay \$100 a month for it." Speaking of rents reminds me that H. Jevne and Co. secured a renewal of their lease at Second and Spring streets from the Wileox estate a short time ago—for ten years at \$750 a month. If ever Los Angeles is foolish enough to attempt to prohibit the liquor traffic by abolishing the 200 saloons in the city, rents will take a tumble fast enough. But taxes will take a proportionate climb upwards. The \$200,000 yearly income derived from saloon licenses will have to be supplied from other sources.

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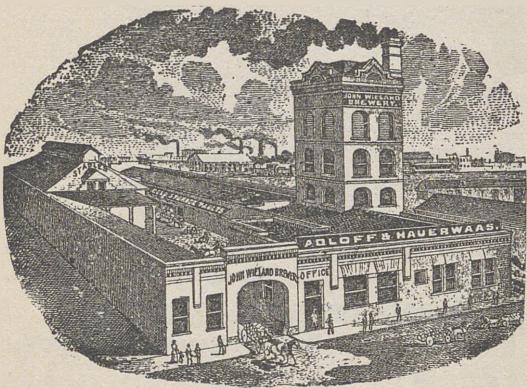
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Lankershim's Prospects.

I incline to the belief that Colonel Jim Lankershim will get that liquor license some time prior to Tuesday next, if indeed he has not already come to terms with the license holders. There has been plenty of diplomatic work under way this week, and, unless I am mistaken, a deal will be announced at the Tuesday meeting of the police board, with the colonel as one of the high contracting parties. Colonel Lankershim's plea to be made an exception to the proposed rule to sell liquor licenses does not appear to have moved the police board to be generous with the single license now at the disposal of the board; neither does Colonel Lankershim want to go into competitive bidding with the brewers. He realizes that Maier & Zobelein, whose license was revoked, would be certain to bid above what he would care to give.

Is It a Jay Town?

Colonel Lankershim's address to the police board brought forth one saying that may become historic. He said that his guests at the Lankershim pronounced Los Angeles a "Jay Town" because there is no bar at the colonel's hostelry. James J. Corbett, Blanche Walsh, Richard Mansfield and John L. Sullivan each in turn added to their fame by calling San Francisco a "Jay Town." San Francisco's feelings were mightily hurt when two eminent exponent of the Art of Swat and two such distinguished stars of the stage united on that soul-tearing proposition. Now Los Angeles falls under the ban of the colonel's guests.

Lankershim's Patronage.

Colonel Lankershim has certainly exceeded all expectations in the way of patronage for his hotel. In a moment of enthusiasm he told me the other day that there are nearly 400 guests at the big hotel, and let me tell you that anyone who can get 400 guests into a hotel within thirty days of its opening, has every reason to be proud of the achievement. Colonel Lankershim has the equipment, except the bar, and his manager, Mr. Cooper, surely knows his business. I understand that the colonel is laying his plans for a goodly share of the lucrative Arizona and New Mexico business that Los Angeles garners each summer. This and his regular trade ought to put him on hotelman's velvet until the next tourist season opens.

Nell—Mr. Kammerer is so kind. He said I took a very pretty and very artistic picture.

Belle—Indeed? And whose picture did you take, dear?

Coming to Graphic Theory.

I notice that some of the "old sleuths" of the press in San Francisco and Los Angeles are coming to my way of thinking about the death of Mrs. Jane L. Stanford. I suppose that their marvelous respect for wealth will bar them for the present at least from using the word "suicide". That is an awful term to employ when Himalayan wealth is involved. The newspaper mind finds the case "more baffling than ever" and I presume that is as far as it will go until a ceasing public interest takes the end of Mrs. Stanford from the sphere of newspaper enterprise.

Now and again we get a telegram from San Francisco to the effect that the San Francisco police consider the case "murder". Of course. Did you ever run across a police force anywhere that did not put the worst possible construction on each and every case within police domain? I never did and I am tempted to offer a reward for the discovery of any person who did.

Selection of Terms.

When I said that "suicide" is an awful word in its application to people of great wealth, I had in mind an old story about the terms used to explain the deaths of dipsomaniacs. For instance, you never saw a millionaire die of drink—oh no, its paresis or "heart failure" or nervous prostration. A man worth \$100,000 or \$200,000 whose death is due to drink dies of apoplexy or heart failure or something like that. It is only the every day grubber who possesses nothing or dies in debt, who "drinks himself to death." We handle our terms in accordance with Dun and Bradstreet's ethics.

Dr. Dowling's Successor.

The Rev. Baker P. Lee, who will succeed Dr. Dowling as rector of Christ Church, April 30, is likely to make as deep an impression on the community as his predecessor, which is saying a good deal. Dean Lee for the past four years has been one of the most popular men in Kentucky and has been a great power for good among all sorts and conditions of men. He is, I am told, a very handsome man and as good as he is handsome. A man of wide sympathies and broad views, he has exercised a great influence among the righteous and the unrepentant alike. Dean Lee, like Dr. Dowling, is not ashamed to be seen at the theater, and has even been known to enjoy a trotting race. He has held high office in the Brotherhood of Elks and is much respected and beloved by that order. Dr. Dowling's place will be hard to fill, but from all accounts, Dean Lee will make a place for himself.

William Pridham Convalescent.

Perhaps, if you are a regular first-nighter at the theater, or if you frequent the Van Nuys hotel, or if you do business with Wells Fargo, you have missed a familiar figure during the last few weeks. I don't know any man in Los Angeles with more friends than William Pridham, who has looked after the famous express company's affairs in this city for the last forty years or so. He is not one of the aggressive kind who seek friendships, but he has that nature of sincerity and kindness which draws all men to him. Mr. Pridham has been lying very ill at the California Hospital for the last six weeks, but he is now well on the road to complete recovery. When his physicians advised him that an operation for appendicitis was imperative, he faced his fate with characteristic courage and refused to let any one but his wife know anything about it. Mrs. Pridham has been constantly by his side and has nursed him with the devotion that has graced their life partnership. Now, that he is convalescent and is allowed to see his friends again, he reveals where he has been, and something of what he has undergone. "If," he explains in a letter to a friend, "I recovered, I could then explain; if not, my friends would have received but one

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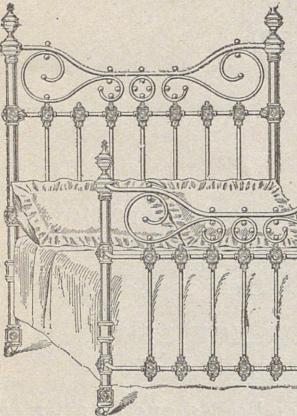
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shock." How few men in the crises of their lives give their first thought to saving their friends anxiety and sorrow. But, it was exactly characteristic of William Pridham. We shall look forward to seeing Mr. and Mrs. Pridham "around" again soon. No first night at the theater seems right without them. How often have I been asked by a stranger, "who is that distinguished looking couple over there?" and then my questioner has agreed with me that Mrs. Pridham was one of the handsomest women he had ever seen.

Randolph for a Victim?

Anybody who knows Epes Randolph well must have smiled as he read the reports from Tucson concerning the diamond sharp Harcourt and his machinations. In his testimony, Harcourt swore that among his "victims in sight," was Epes Randolph of Tucson. I warrant the late manager of the Pacific Electric would have proved a hard game if Harcourt "had gone up against him." Almost any Arizonan would laugh at the idea. I don't think I have ever met a man with a keener eye and a leveler brain in business or in play than Epes Randolph. The man who had Randolph as a "victim in sight" for any kind of a bunco game must have lain awake so many nights that his equilibrium was disturbed. However, the very idea seems to have been intensely interesting to Randolph, for the Tucson dispatches state that the railroad man made frequent visits to the jail to talk with Harcourt. I remember that once an exceedingly clever card trickster was steered against Randolph here in the presence of his Arizona friends, ex-Senator Ives and Colonel Shannon. The card manipulator displayed all his tricks, but Randolph was not only able to duplicate them all, but to go him one better, until Mr. Prestidigitateur was more than ready to quit. No, the diamond crooks made a grave mistake in selecting Randolph as easy game; besides, as H. E. is fond of saying of him, "he can whip his weight in wild cats."

S. P. Survivors.

T. H. Goodman, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific Company, has been in Los Angeles and other sections of Southern California for the past two weeks enjoying a modicum of relief from more than three decades of steady "stunts" with that company. It is a curious and noteworthy fact that all the original Southern Pacific men in all the departments except the passenger department have passed away, and that all of the "old fellows" of the passenger are still in harness and in comparatively good health—the officers being T. H. Goodman, general passenger agent, and Assistant Passenger Agents R. A. Donaldson, N. R. Judah and J. N. Horsburgh, Jr. In the executive department there were Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, C. P. Huntington, Charles F. Crocker and W. E. Brown, all dead. Sanderson, Creed Haymond, E. B. Crocker and the other original attorneys are also all gone. Towne, Cornell and Fillmore of the operating departing department died some years ago, at different times. Gray and Smurr of the freight department died a number of years ago and only Stubbs remains. B. B. Redding, original head of the land department, died nearly twenty years ago; and E. H. Miller, the original secretary of

the company, died about ten years ago. Mark Hopkins, who was the first treasurer, was the first to die, twenty-nine years ago; and E. H. Railton, master of transportation, D. D. Colton, Senator Gwin and other promoters; J. D. Stronbridge, president of the Pacific Improvement Company, and Frank Douty, secretary, have all passed away. But the veterans of the passenger department all yet remain. It is a most curious necrological incident, with a good bit of longevity on the side.

"Do you—er—ever tell fibs?" asked the lady who had advertised for a maid.

"Not for myself, ma'am," answered the applicant; "only for the missus."

Not as McKinley's Niece.

Miss Mabel McKinley, who is to appear at the Orpheum next week is insistent on one point. All along the vaudeville circuit she has been issuing imperative orders that she is not to be billed as the niece of the late President. All of which is very nice and sounds well. But I do not recollect that she ever issued such orders a couple of years or more ago when her position in the vaudeville world was not so well established as it is now. Increased success as a vaudeville star may have brought with it increased respect for the memory of William McKinley; but then there may be other explanations. I am sure I don't know.

Democracy Again Torn.

The tattered remnant of the Los Angeles Democracy is fixing for another gorgeous internecine row, although that the Los Angeles Democracy is fighting again will surprise nobody. This time the trouble is over the Jefferson Day banquet. The initial gun was fired a short time ago on the return of A. S. Petterson of the Record from Sacramento. Petterson thought it would be a prime idea to have a banquet on Jefferson's birthday, and accordingly letters intended to sound Democratic sentiment were sent to John W. Mitchell, M. P. Snyder, Martin Marsh, L. B. Dockweiler and others of the illuminati. The shoveling of the Democratic city committee headed by G. M. Cake heard what was doing. Cake of course is a Democrat. Didn't he support J. P. Davenport, Republican, for Sixth ward councilman, and isn't he chairman of the city committee—pronounced KOM-i-tee? and wasn't he the proper personage to father a real Jeffersonian feed? So Cake has conceived a banquet plan of his own, with the Tammany club as its backbone. And so we are probably to have two Jeffersonian dinners—one for the illuminati at \$5 per plate and one for the shoveling, price not stated, but with an abundance of beer and other substantials.

Do They?

Do you ever wonder if men reverse the habits in others on which they subsist? For example, I wonder if H. W. Frank wears store bought clothes? Does Herman Hellman ever borrow money? Does Johnny McKinney drink Puritas? Does Billy Dunn ever yield to influence? Does H. E. Huntington ever ask a conductor for a transfer from an L. A. car to a P. E. car? Does Superintendent Ingram of the Southern Pacific ever ask for his fare back when his train is tied up by a washout? Does Ed. Cham-

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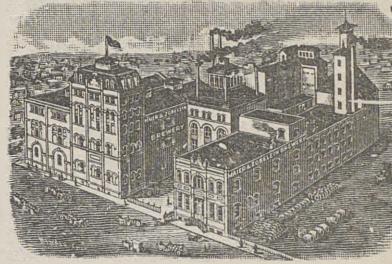
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ber ever kick about a freight bill he has to pay? Does George Stewart drink Lily Cream in his coffee? Does Harry Wyatt ever refuse a pass? Does Ella Wheeler Wilcox—but I may become impudent if I continue. But come to think of it, there is one more interesting question. Does Tom Gibbon believe that the people should own San Pedro harbor? Now?

"Raffles" et al.

E. W. Hornung, the author of "Raffles" and "The Amateur Cracksman," will no doubt be gratified to hear of the handsome free advertising his scientific burglary stories have been receiving in Los Angeles and elsewhere. Only a week or so ago, the W. C. T. U. of Washington, D. C., protested against the performance of the play "Raffles," which makes one of the most interesting melodramas of late years. Kyre Bellew, E. M. Holland and "Raffles" did not need much advertising, but the good ladies of the W. C. T. U. helped to pack the theater at every performance. Last week some newspaper sleuth discovered that the "Raffles" biographies had been suppressed in the public library, and thereupon there was a newspaper "agitation" concerning the books, which promptly increased the demand for them tenfold at the book stores. Poor Miss Jones, the most worthy librarian, exclaims in grief. "I am sorry that this story reached the papers. Publicity will bring about exactly the result I was seeking to avoid—a general circulation of the book." Miss Jones need not worry. At least, let those who want to read "Raffles"—and I can cordially recommend it as a most enter-

taining piece of fiction—read it at their own expense. But I never could understand why you or I should be taxed so that our neighbors may indulge in the luxury of reading fiction any more than that the public should be supplied with cigarettes or candies by the city treasury. My objection to "Raffles" in the public library is not that I believe it will incite the youthful mind to burglary, but because I believe that precious little fiction of any kind has any place at all in a public library. The reading of fiction is a luxury, that very few of us have time to indulge in. I doubt if 5 per cent of contemporary fiction will improve the mind, youthful or adult. Why in Heaven's name, then, should a supply of fiction be provided out of the public funds? I hope in time to see "Raffles" followed on his expulsion from the public library shelves by all novels that have not an established literary value.

Senator Bate's Death.

The announcement of the death of the Hon. William Bromage Bate, United States Senator from Tennessee, one day last week, came like a shock to the many people of this city, who had made the acquaintance of the genial statesman during his several visits here. His death was very sudden, as he had attended the inauguration of President Roosevelt in good health and spirits only a few days before. It may be truly said of Senator Bate that he was an orator and a statesman, a soldier and a gentleman. He served as a private soldier in the Mexican war, and afterwards studied and practiced law, and in 1854 was elected attorney general for the Nashville district. He enlisted as a private soldier of the First Tennessee Confederate Infantry, and served four years, going through all the grades from sergeant to major general and was severely wounded three times. After the war he was twice elected governor of Tennessee, and in 1887 was elected United States Senator, serving in that body eighteen years. He was a brilliant speaker and debater and a charming conversationalist. In all his public life he was distinguished for his high integrity and purity of purpose. He was one of the bravest of the brave in action and was in nineteen battles. Tennessee has had no better governor, and his course in the Senate was marked by splendid patriotism and loyalty and a purpose devoted wholly to the best interests of the Government. As a comrade, he was sunshiny and cordial and fond of society and could keep his end up in narrative and merry-making with any of the princes in that line. There are numbers of our people who grieve over his sudden taking off in sympathy with his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Ozro W. Childs, who left here for Nashville on the evening of her father's death. In these days of Senatorial profligacy and unwillingness to curb trusts the death of so eminently a good man and patriot as Senator Bate is a serious and lamentable loss to our country.

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His "Message."

A good story has broken loose from its moorings about the speech that Joe Scott made at the bachelor dinner given to John G. Mott, just before the Mott-Fairchild nuptials. It seems that Motley Flint who was toastmaster, introduced Scott by saying: "We will now have a funny story by Joe Scott." Mr. Scott rose and expanded, "Me, a funny story?" he

exclaimed. "Me? Joe Scott? Why, I am not a king's jester. I have a message to you young bachelors—you decadent representatives of a great race." And then Joe Scott poured out a flowing endorsement of Theodore Roosevelt's ideas about race-suicide; a demand that all men become the center of homes, rather than the attractions of boarding houses; an appeal for the American fireside. "Me tell a funny story?" exclaimed Mr. Scott in conclusion. "Me! Why I have a message."

A Double-Header.

Mr. Huntington's efficient freight manager McMillan has been building himself a beautiful home out at Glendale in the new district that Charlie Sumner is promoting. When the place was finished and ready, Mr. McMillan was visited by an insurance agent from Glendale who offered reasonable terms, and desirous of patronizing home industry, Mac gave him the business.

When the transaction was closed and the premium paid, the man said, "Now while I am here on the ground, Mr. McMillan, I had better attend to another matter I have in hand with you."

"Why, what's that?" said the freight man.

"Well, you see, Ben Ward has appointed me deputy assessor for this district, so I will make out your assessment now."

Thus the traffic was worked for all it could bear.

Carr's Success.

Forrest Dabney Carr has achieved success in his new field, Chicago. The Chicago Daily News of March 1 contains the following notice of Mr. Carr's work in the Windy City: "Forrest Dabney Carr, who gave Arthur Somervell's setting of Tennyson's 'Maud' in Oak Park, last night, belongs to that rather rare class of musicians who would rather interpret the poet's thought than display their own vocal powers. Mr. Carr gave his audience a rare treat. His voice is an absolutely true, flexible baritone which he uses very much like David Bispham. One characteristic of Mr. Carr attracts attention—namely the power to hold sustained notes beyond the average range. These sustained notes were especially noticeable last evening and were very charming, held evenly and apparently without effort, making an effective climax for several of the numbers. Mr. Carr had the sympathetic and enthusiastic support of his audience from the beginning to the end of the concert. He put his audience under obligation when he requested that no mark of approval be made until the close of the poem. In doing this he made evident his own desire to present the beauty of the poem quite as much as his own rendition of it, and this gave a grace to the songs otherwise impossible. Mr. Carr has lately come to Chicago and in his private recitals and church work has given such satisfaction that the musical people of Oak Park prevailed upon him to give this concert. He promises to have an important place in Chicago's musical world."

A Fair Future.

I hope the Chicago Daily News is not wrong in its predictions about Forrest Dabney Carr's future. I know Carr a good deal better than most men with

whom he was acquainted in Los Angeles. He is a diamond in the rough. First at war with many of the local musicians, his relations with all improved after illness had stricken him. Carr's standing as an artist nobody could deny. He had them all guessing. That isn't a musical phrase but it expresses exactly what I mean. There was sincere regret when he left Los Angeles to accept a position in a grand opera season at the Tivoli Opera House of San Francisco; still more regret when it was learned that he would locate in the East after the grand opera season was over. All who have heard his magnificent voice will rejoice that he is on the upgrade in Chicago.

"Bridge Eye."

Many good ladies who otherwise are observing faithfully the penances of Lent are allowing themselves the diversion that "Bridge" affords; indeed, in some quarters there is a dangerous boom in the game. The doctors have discovered, or invented, the newest of new fashionable complaints—the "Bridge Eye," and from all accounts it is much more serious than the tennis elbow. The chief symptom is an anxious look. This not altogether unusual appearance is naturally more highly developed among those who prefer something more exciting than quarter of a cent points. The "Bridge Eye" I expect may be classified with the "Poker Headache."

ONE THING YOU OUGHT TO SEE

On Your Way East, or
Coming Home, is the

GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA . . .

It is the greatest sight in the World—and one that every Good American should see -:- -:- -:-
Mr. Harvey is prepared to give you City Hotel Luxuries and Service at the new "El Tovar," recently opened. The Canyon is easily and comfortably reached via the -:-

SANTA FE

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

Shall I commence my letter this week with the usual womanish "just a line" and then scribble eight pages and three or four postscripts before my "line" is finished? I ought to, as I have so much to tell you about, I don't quite know where to begin. But before anything else I must try to give you an idea of what you will miss if you fail to get up in time for the opening of the Spring millinery in the Boston Store, which takes place next Wednesday, and I warrant will rank as first favorite of all the Lenten matinee performances. Is there anything a woman loves like a first view of all the latest hats and bonnets in a really smart store? And this year the creations and importations at the Boston Store surpass anything my poor dull pen can describe. This will be a season of flowers—you can't have too many or too much variety of shade on your new spring hat. To say a Paris hat looks like a whole conservatory (as a rude man exclaimed in my hearing) is nevertheless not true—for no hot-house jardiniere can conceive such exquisite blendings of shade in flowers and foliage as are evolved by these French artists. The new hat is a wonder and tremendously becoming if you know how to put it on. In ye olden days our hats were pinned to our hair more or less securely and painfully. Now-adays, my dear, your hair is to be pinned to your hat thusly—on a big all around fluffy pompadour of hair perch a wealth of flowers toning from lilacs to greens, from purples to pinks, from browns to blues and so on. Slapped up straight and high on one side, and drooping to an angle of 45 at the other, you then, with jewelled pins and daggers and other instruments of torture, pin up your back hair to the flat-backed "chapeau" and there you are, a tremendous swell and oh! so chic!

I saw a big brown fancy braided hat at the Boston that filled me with an untold longing; a wreath of the most natural lavender pink lilacs formed the crown, and shaded ribbons in all lilac tints drooped

Perfection in Black Silks

A large part of the fame of the Coulter Silk Store rests on its achievements in gathering and selling Black Silks. The Finest Black silks made in America are here in lavish variety—many of them here exclusively.

The "Moneybak" brand, "Brushoff" and "Grandmother's" Black Silks and Haskell's Black Taffetas here at 85c a yard and higher.

The selling of all the above makes, except Haskell's is confined to us.

Coulter Dry Goods Co.,
317-325 S. Broadway

from the back. Another of violet straw had a flat crown of American beauty roses and cunning ostrich feathers curling underneath the brim. Oh! my child, they are lovely this year, and you really must see them on opening day if possible.

After feasting my eyes on this headgear, I turned my steps backward to Matheson and Berner's establishment on the corner of Third and Broadway. A friend of mine had asked me to hunt up for her some of those new "Town and Country shirtwaists" that are so much in demand for all outdoor purposes and pastimes. I found them in this same store and made, I hope, a happy selection of several for my athletic young friend. They are made exactly like boys' shirts, you know, with soft turned down collar, flat breast pocket, and they draw in around the waist with a string. That doesn't sound attractive I know; nevertheless these shirts are like all of Matheson and Berner's things, the very latest style built only for smart people, and though simple and severe, are in excellent form and will only be demanded by those who know.

By the time I came away from this interesting store the clouds were gathering up in one of their recent alarming fashions, and I discovered that I was minus protection of any kind and miles from my happy home: so I decided that into Coulter's I would glide, and blow myself on a much needed new umbrella. They have in Coulter's a very gorgeous assortment of these occasionally essential articles and in all fashions and prices. I found that gun metal was a very pretty new fad for handles and they had some beautiful slender things there in that pretty alloy. I was shown at the same time some fascinating parasols, so dainty and fluffy as to put young rainmaker Hattfield to the blush. They have very long handles this year, generally adorned by a bow or ruche of the same silk as the sunshade, and are mostly Shirred and tucked very elaborately, with hemstitched chiffon frills, many and oft, around the edges. Some fetching black ones, looking like bunches of fluffy down, were much admired while I was there. Even in parasols, and little dots of babies' silken sunshades, I discovered that the eternal check was to be quite the leading feature this year. Coulter's has a knack of picking up the very prettiest and newest of female fripperies, and I understand that this season will undergo a revival of the becoming "en tout cas".

So, with my precious new gun-metaled brolly (which I feel certain will all too soon be "exchanged" by some confiding friend for an alpaca

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"gamp"), I sallied forth into the rain and went over to inspect some lovely garments at Geo. P. Taylor's. That is the tailoring establishment I told you of, you know, that has blossomed out into the very smartest of French dressmaking emporiums on the coast. There, I was introduced to some wonderfully beautiful garments. An opera coat of cream renaissance lace on point d'esprit ground over silk and chiffon was a thing to dream of. Another coat in mignonette green broad cloth, lined with white satin, was trimmed heavily all over, in the old English open embroidery in the same shade, and, to my mind, was the most effective and novel garment I have seen for many a moon. The French dressmaker was in a flurry, sending off some gorgeous garments for a fortunate bride's trousseau. One princess robe in lavender silk crepe, draped with the softest shades of flowered chiffon, was a beanteous gown, and will look most picturesque on the handsome figure of the happy bride. Mr. Taylor is handling some of the loveliest brocaded silks, which he has just brought on from the East with him, reminiscent of our stately grandmothers and great-aunts. It seems almost sacrilegious to picture our modern "peach" of a Los Angeles belle, arrayed in one of these heavy flowered silks, which seem to call for a stately minuet, rather than a riotous "two-step".

Speaking of legs of mutton I ought to tell you about the newest things in fancy waists which are to be found at Blackstone's this week. Nearly every sleeve comes in the big mutton shape at the top, prettily inserted, or tucked tight at the wrist. Some of the muttons are only "lambs" so far, and not nearly so grotesque as their more daring brethren. These silk and lawn waists at Blackstone's are, I assure you, most cunningly devised. Open worked lace and embroidery yokes and always all buttoning up the back. One in white china silk, with point lace yoke, was a "fascinator" pure and simple. Evidently all the sermons and editorials on the network waist question, have fallen on stony ground, as Blackstone continues to supply the most fascinating assortment of these dangerous garments. I suppose our worthy divines, who disapprove of them so strongly, only peep at them on the forms in the windows; it would be quite too horrid to think of them mentally delivering their sermons, in view of pink and white fleshly sinners. I know some of them wouldn't—they would simply close—one eye!

Of things less frail I must tell you before I say good-bye. In the Ville de Paris this week they have opened up an alluring assortment of dress goods that would surely charm you. They have an entirely new material of the silken wool order known as "Llama"—which comes in all shades and is most tempting for summer wear. Mohairs in chameleon changeable tints are going to run the all silk gowns a hard race this season. They are, of course, much more durable and look very much the same. Tiny checks here I find in each and every material; indeed checks and plaids are to be seen in every possible piece of adornment for male or female this season. And yet, and alack, I see no nice fat check coming my way, do you? Well, there are still others, so farewell! Yours affectionately,

LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., March 16.

Every Parisian and Fifth Avenue Design Displayed
in Los Angeles at Earliest Possible Date

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249
SOUTH BROADWAY

Importer and Designer of
EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY
Each Collins Hat embraces the very latest ideas
of the select Designer

Lenten Relaxations

Mrs. Propria Prim, past her prime, who is a devoted daughter both of the world and of the church.

Mrs. Frivola Faddy, who is young enough not to appreciate the relaxation of Lent.

Miss Beata Ritual, jilted by both a clerk and a cowboy, in love with a curate.

They meet in Christopher's at 11:30 a. m.

Mrs. F. F.—Heigh, ho! A week of Lent gone and still "nothing doing." Can't even get anyone to play Bridge. What has struck this town?

Miss B. R.—Oh, my dear Mrs. Frivol, I wish you could have heard dear Sam Sanctity's sermon last night. You would realize that a great spirit of earnestness is hovering around us and we should try to embrace it.

Mrs. P. P.—Wouldn't you rather embrace Sam himself, Beata?

Miss B. R.—Oh! Mrs. Prim, I am shocked and you heard Mr. Sanctity yourself!

Mrs. F. F.—But then she hasn't had the personal inspiration that you've had, Bee.

Miss R. R.—What do you mean, Frivola? Don't you know there's a Mrs. Sanctity, and such a dear, sweet, soul, too!

Mrs. P. P.—Well, Beata, she might not be so sweet if she knew how often you found it necessary to consult the Rev. Samuel concerning your innermost soul.

Miss B. R.—Of course, her husband tells her everything, and besides there's nothing to tell. Mr. Sanctity is most sympathetic and I tell him everything.

Mrs. F. F.—And yet there is nothing to tell, Bee? Suffering Venus, have you forgotten the outrageous way you flirted with Eddie Fying at the Daughters' ball and cut four or five dances with your other partners, all in a bunch? Do you call it nothing to go automobiling all alone with my own Jack at midnight?

Miss B. R.—How mean you are Frivola. That was long before Lent.

Mrs. P. P.—So you pretend, Bee, that you are a

different child of nature on Ash Wednesday from what you were on Shrove Tuesday? I admit I am a little different myself the following Saturday, but that's because I fast on Friday. By the way, Beata dear, how are you denying yourself this Lent?

Miss B. R.—My dear Mrs. Prim, I couldn't begin to tell you all the things I'm doing. In the first place, I'm on a diet, and—

Mrs. F. F.—At doctor's or divine's order?

Miss B. R.—Then I'm studying the Bible instead of Bridge—

Mrs. F. F.—With Sammy instructor?

Miss B. R.—And I'm singing in the choir at St. Ann's—

Mrs. F. F.—Well, that's a penance for the other people.

Miss B. R.—Oh, Frivola, you're horrid and impossible. Let's hear what Mrs. Prim's doing.

Mrs. P. P.—You are both children or you would realize that I don't have to alter my behavior in Lent. It is always exemplary. For my part, I'm going to bed every evening at 9 o'clock and I try to have breakfast every morning at 8 before P. goes down town. The pace the last four weeks was too hot even for me and besides I hadn't any more gowns. So I welcomed Lent both for soul and body.

Mrs. F. F.—Where's the difference, Mrs. Prim?

Mrs. P. P.—Well, at least, Frivola, we think of our souls during Lent.

Mrs. F. F.—But where do you keep them the rest of the year—in camphor or cotton wool?

Miss B. R.—Oh, Frivola, I shall have to send Mr. Sanctity to call on you.

Mrs. F. F.—If you do, Bee, I promise I'll try and cut you out. By the way, do you know why Mrs. Doteandoubt is trying to get a divorce?

Mrs. P. P.—Now please don't, Frivola. Both Beata and I have sworn off gossip for Lent.

Mrs. F. F.—Oh, poor things! What will you find to talk about?

Mrs. P. P.—The Rev. Samuel Sanctity, for instance. But, of course, if Beata here is going to supply food for gossip, it seems to me that will be worse even than talking gossip, eh, Bee?

Miss B. R.—I don't think the Christian spirit is in either of you. But whose fault is it? Did Mrs. Doteand—? Oh, I forgot.

[They are silent for fifteen seconds and Mrs. Frivola Faddy, very bored, rises to go.]

Mrs. P. P.—Don't be in a hurry, Frivola. Who are Mrs. Doteandoubt's attorneys?

Mrs. F. F.—Oh, really, dear Mrs. Prim, I should hate to prove a stumbling block to you and Beata, by discussing forbidden subjects. I'm going to telephone to Jack to give me lunch at the club. (Exit.)

Mrs. P. P.—Now isn't that quite too horrid of Frivola. I bet Jack Faddy is Mrs. Doteandoubt's lawyer and she knows all about it.

Mrs. P. P.—Well, it will serve her right if Mrs. D, who flirts outrageously, makes eyes at Faddy. I hope she does. Did you know there was anything wrong between the Doteandoubts?

[For the next ten minutes they discuss the Doteandoubts with more animation than they have displayed since Lent began. When they have threshed the subject thoroughly, and have decided that D drinks like a fish and Mrs. D. neglects her children, they remember they have sworn off gossip and particularly knocking.]

Mrs. P. P.—By the way, Beata, I've discovered what Frivola has sworn off. I thought she asked us to refresh, but I notice she's left the checks. Well, I'll match you to see who pays, Bee!

Miss B. R.—Oh, I'm so sorry Mrs. Prim, but I vowed I wouldn't do any gambling during Lent.

[Exeunt and Mrs. P. P. pays.]

Over The Teacups

Think of spreading a table with sackcloth and serving ashes to one's guests, by way of giving a "Lenten luncheon!" That is what a little bird whispers has been done by one ingenious hostess since Ash Wednesday, and the novelty, it is said, called forth peals of laughter from the party. To be sure there were other courses than that made up of ashes, but the first impression given was that this would constitute the entire menu, and the effect was—apparently just what the hostess intended it should be. Apparently, I say advisedly, for there were certain women present who could still feel

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Third Street, Cor. Hill Street

shocked by such irreverent folly. As a rule even those who do not believe in the necessity for certain religious observances, at least respect the convictions of others.

Mrs. H. J. Woollacott will take her daughter, Margaret, to Europe, where the young woman will continue her education. Miss Woollacott has just concluded a course in Ramona convent, where she is considered a bright student. Mrs. Woollacott, with Miss Woollacott and James Woollacott, will leave shortly for New York, and the latter part of April the three will sail for Europe. They will be away for at least a year. Mrs. Woollacott gave a card party last Saturday as a farewell for her daughter.

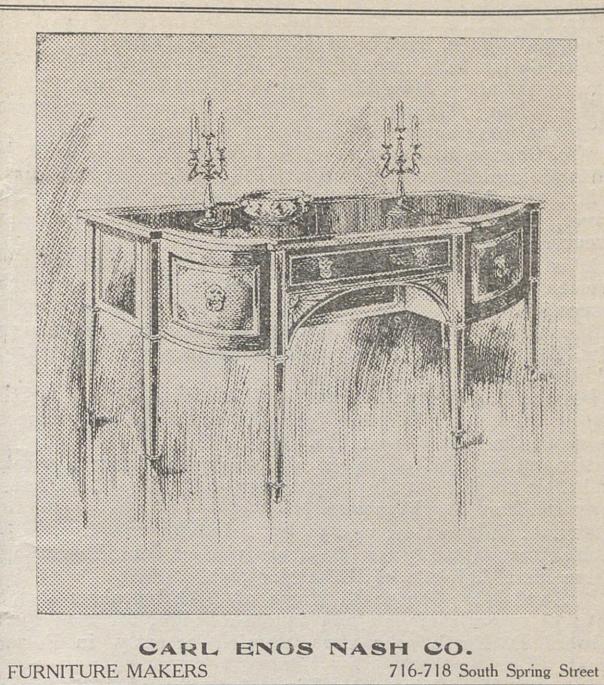
Mrs. Charles Bagg and child have returned to Los Angeles and probably will reside here for some time. Dr. Bagg, who is in the naval service, has been stationed at Guam. At present Mrs. Bagg is at the home of her parents, Judge and Mrs. Bicknell, and it was here that her little son, John Bicknell Bagg, celebrated his first birthday this week. Before her marriage Mrs. Bagg was Edna Bicknell, and was popular with a large circle of friends.

New officers of the State Federation of Women's Clubs held their first meeting this week, and there was much business to transact, although most of it was of a routine nature. Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles makes an energetic president, and I predict that she will keep the committees awake to the duties of their various departments.

Captain W. H. Everett, commander of the United States steamship Buffalo, is among notable guests at the Angelus hotel this week. Among others sheltered at this popular house just now include an excursion of seventeen persons from New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

Another flower festival—what refreshing music there is in the sound! Everybody, I believe, intends to go, and Temple Auditorium will be the scene of many fashionable throngs from March 28 to 31, when for the last time the old pavilion will be decked out in California blossoms. It is planned to spread a fragrant pall over the remains of the pavilion, just before it is torn down to revive the old time flower festivals, which in days of yore were a feature of social world doings in Los Angeles. Miss Mabel Harris is chairman of the committee which is to look after the decoration of the booths, and a number of other well known young women are interested in the success of the event. Begun in the interest of charity, the flower festival of former days became a favorite source of entertainment, and only fell from grace in the eyes of its promoters when excite-

News of the many beautiful creations for lovely woman comes from Miss Terrill who is now in Paris selecting an assortment of gowns, evening wraps, etc., for her forthcoming opening at 338-340 South Hill street. Miss Terrill writes that the beauty of the fabrics, the harmonious blending of colors and the style of the garments, have never before been equaled. This year's gowns will be dreams of loveliness—and what is fairer to look upon than a correctly gowned woman?



CARL ENOS NASH CO.
FURNITURE MAKERS
716-718 South Spring Street

ment over the annual fiesta crowded it from the calendar because there was not time for both. It is a pretty idea, this gathering together of many flowers for a superb display, and as I remember these occasions, the gowns of the women were not the smallest part of the very attractive picture that was presented every year.

ANASTASIA.

Where Are They?

Mrs. Hugo Brandeis, of Omaha, returned home last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mott have returned from their wedding trip.

Miss Marie Helen Thompson has returned from Louisville, Ky., to 871 Figueroa street.

Miss Juliet Phelps of 850 Westlake avenue is entertaining Miss Belle Willitts of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Akin of 843 Beacon street are at Garvanza villa for several weeks.

Mrs. Frank B. Baldwin, wife of Gen. Baldwin of Denver, Colo., is at 324 North Breed street.

Mrs. George H. Rees, of Chicago, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. G. Russell, of 1247 Iowa street.

Mrs. Kate Tupper Galpin was in Phoenix, Ariz., this week, lecturing before the Chautauqua Assembly.

Mrs. H. K. Williamson of 1628 Orange street has as her guest, Miss Vivian McKenzie of New York.

Mrs. H. R. Warner, formerly of Redondo, is the guest of Mrs. Sheldon Borden, 2324 South Hope street.

Mrs. G. Wiley Wells, of Santa Monica, and her sister, Mrs. Moss Terry, have returned from Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Bennett have taken possession of their new house at 1137 West Twenty-ninth street.

Dr. E. Ellsworth Bartram

DENTIST

526-528 Trust Building

Second and Spring

Los Angeles, Cal.

Home 5825
Sunset Main 1288

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Shove and Miss Blythe Shove, of 2814 Pasadena avenue, have returned from San Francisco.

Mrs. Julius M. Barry, of 1952 Lovelace avenue, is entertaining her niece, Miss Elsa Knight, of London, Eng.

Mrs. Henry Woollacott and Miss Margaret Woollacott expect to leave early next month for a European trip.

Mrs. Charles H. Fayrain, of 1217 West Seventh street, is entertaining her brother, Herbert L. Reeder, of Tipton, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Holland, formerly of West Ninth street, have moved into their new home at 2412 Budlong avenue.

Miss Lizzie Belle Cross, department president of the Women's Relief Corps, is in the North on a tour of corps inspection.

Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, of 7 Chester Place, is entertaining Mrs. Thomas P. Crittenden, wife of ex-Governor Crittenden, of Missouri.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, of 725 West Twenty-eighth street, leave next Tuesday for Europe, where they expect to spend the next five months.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano of 2307 South Figueroa street, and their guest, Miss Margaret Sweet of Buffalo, N. Y., have returned from San Francisco.

Mrs. L. F. Moushey, of Canton, Ohio, and daughter, Mrs. T. K. Albaugh, of Akron, Ohio, are visiting Mrs. Moushey's sister, Mrs. H. Kintz, of 1723 Oak street.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. North of 1033 Ingraham street have as guests their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. North, who were married recently in Butte, Mont.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph M. King, formerly of 1637 South Flower street, have moved into their new home at 1221 Lake street, where Mrs. King will be at home on the first and second Fridays of the month.

Receptions, Etc.

March 10.—Mr. and Mrs. Marion Welsh, 748 Garland avenue; for Mr. and Mrs. Clinton M. Clinton, of Gallup, New Mexico.

March 10.—Mrs. Leah J. Secley, 1515 South Figueroa street; for Mrs. Belle McCord.

March 10.—Mrs. Guy Cochran, Loma Drive; for Mrs. Redmond W. Payne, of San Francisco.

March 10.—Mrs. E. R. Bradley, 718 Georgia street; luncheon for Mrs. O. N. Roach, of Missouri.

March 10.—Mrs. A. B. Barrett and Mrs. R. P. McJohnston, Hollywood; luncheon.

March 10.—Mrs. Philip Newmark, 2015 South Grand avenue; luncheon for Mrs. N. Steinberg, of New York.

March 10.—Mrs. Charles Lee Lewis, 2315 Leoti avenue; luncheon for directors of Cosmos Club.

March 11.—Phi Sigma Fraternity; dinner and dance at Hotel Redondo.

March 11.—Mrs. James M. Clute and the Misses Mabel and Florence Clute, 1216 Orange street; at home.

March 11.—Mrs. Jennie Twitchell Kempton, 1827 Union avenue; for Mrs. George D. Whitcomb, of Glendora.

March 11.—Alpha Epsilon Fraternity; luncheon at Levy's.

March 11.—Mrs. Harry Hartwell, 1508½ South Grand avenue.

March 11.—Mr. and Mrs. John S. Valley, 3452 South Flower street; dinner for Bliss Carman.

March 11.—Miss Grace B. Evans, 3611 South Main street; for Miss Laura Paxton and Miss McDavitt, of Indiana.

March 11.—Mrs. Henry J. Woollacott, 1001 South Burling-ton avenue; for Miss Mary Woollacott.

March 11.—Mrs. L. Bromley, at 214 West Twenty-fifth street; for Students' Musical Club.

March 11.—Mrs. J. J. Martin, 1256 Elden avenue; for Miss Frances Martin.

March 13.—Texas Association at Burbank Hall.

March 13.—Miss Mildred Rae Harrison, 837 Lake street; regular meeting of Wade Hampton Chapter, Daughters of Confederacy.

March 14.—Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, 424 Park View avenue; tea for Mrs. Finis P. Ernest of Denver.

March 14.—Mrs. H. K. Williamson, 1628 Orange street; theater party at Belasco's for Miss Vivian McKenzie of New York.

March 14.—Mrs. William C. Hayner, 720½ South Hill street; for Mrs. S. A. Bucher.

March 15.—Jonathan Club; house-warming reception.

March 15.—Mr. and Mrs. John G. Gray, 443 South State street; for Boyle Heights Five Hundred Club.

March 15.—Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Mrs. Homer Laughlin

Jr., and Miss Gwendolen Laughlin, 666 West Adams street; at home.

March 16.—Mrs. Thomas Newell, 1423 Georgia street for Mrs. Edward Van Sittert and Mrs. C. A. Ballreich, of Pueblo, Colo.

March 16.—Miss Pearl Teetzel, 932 Lake street; for Miss Belle Willits of Chicago.

March 17.—Dr. and Mrs. W. T. McArthur, 333 West Twenty-eighth street; dinner for Mrs. Purden Smith-Miller and Dr. W. H. Hall, of Butte.

March 17.—Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Dickson, Twenty-fourth and Cimarron streets; for Bohemian Whist Club.

Anastasia's Date Book

March 18.—California Badger Club at the residence of Mrs. Clarence P. Bartlett, 247 Grand View; reception for Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

March 20.—Mrs. G. G. Mullins and Miss Mary Mullins, 3118 South Grand avenue; for Monday Musical Club.

March 23-24.—Mrs. J. H. F. Peck, Baker Block; Lenten luncheons.

March 24.—Leonidas Club; dance at Kramer's.

March 25.—Concordia Club; annual cotillion.

April 27.—Capt. and Mrs. Cameron E. Thom, the Angelus; dance at Kramer's.

Recent Weddings

March 11.—Col. C. R. Fisher, of Wilmington, Ohio, to Miss Sarah Hinman, at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Frank S. Taylor, Lincoln Park.

March 14.—Mr. Joseph Ignatius Reid to Miss Mary Cadwallader Sunk, in the Church of the Angels, Garvanza.

March 15.—Mr. Albert H. Woollacott to Miss Lucile R. Nelson, in St. Paul's church.

Engagements.

Mr. Samuel Mansfield Copp, of New Orleans, to Miss Frances Fuller.

Dr. Harry Adams to Mrs. Belle McCord.



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On the Stage and Off

Primarily, I feel indebted to Mr. Moroso and Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox in that the play they are presenting at the Burbank this week induced me to re-read *The Book of Esther*, one of the most absorbing stories of love and adventure in the Book of Books. The most learned of theological critics have declared that "impossibilities and improbabilities pervade the whole narrative," and, therefore, we need not blame Mrs. Wilcox and Mr. Luscombe Searelle for the extraordinary liberties they have taken with the Persian and Jewish romance. Whereas in the Bible it is "The Book of Esther", the play is modestly and indefinitely subtitled, "A Story of Esther." One's only protest may be that it is a dangerous practice to seek dramatic material from the Bible. Whither may such ingenuity not lead us? It requires no stretch of the imagination to foreshadow Mr. Frohman "presenting" Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden or Clyde Fitch dramatizing Joseph's experiences in Pharaoh's palace.

But to return to "Mizpah," which is the attractive title with which the authors have endowed their story of Esther. For their own purposes Mr. Searelle and Mrs. Wilcox give an entirely unauthorized translation of the Hebrew word, "Mizpali," which means "a place of prospect" and should have nothing to do with any inscription on Esther's bracelet. I merely introduce this reflection not to show my own knowledge of Hebrew, which is exceedingly limited, but to demonstrate what pitch and toss the poetess and the dramatist have played with a notable figure in the archives of Israel, whose history accounts for the origin of the feast of Purim, instituted to commemorate the deliverance of the Jews in the Persian capital.

The bare outline of the Biblical Esther is followed in the play; how the Jewish maiden, a foster daughter of Mordecai, was selected from all the virgins in Ahasuerus' kingdom to fill the place of the divorced Vashti; and how she and her uncle, Mordecai, outwitted Haman and his plot to extirpate the Jews from the Persian empire. For the purposes of meiodrama, twenty-five hundred years or so later, Mr. Searelle and Mrs. Wilcox have invented a number of "extraneous circumstances", such as Vashti's liaison with Haman and a Sherlock Holmes-Raffles incident of a stolen key. Whenever Ahasuerus was embarrassed I noticed he calls for wine, and either invited Haman to join him or insisted on his silence. "And they gave drink in vessels of gold, (the vessels being diverse one from another,) and royal wine in abundance, according to the state of the king. "And (verse 8, chap. I, Book of Esther, pace Dr. Chapman and the No-Salooner) the drinking was according to the law; none did compel; for so the king had appointed to all the officers of his house, that they should do according to every man's pleasure."

There are a few lines in the play which recall Ella Wheeler in her rosiest days, before she occupied her present exalted position of lady-sermonizer-in-chief to Mr. Hearst and hymnologist to B. Fay Mills. Vashti in recounting her own charms calls attention to the "erescent curving of her hips" and the line "Her eoo is often deadlier than her kiss" is unmistakably a Wheeler-Wilcoxonism. I prefer to believe

that Mr. Searelle is responsible for the abominable paraphrase of Shakespeare's line "I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon" when Mordecai is made to say:

"I'd rather be a dog upon the street

"And wag my tail———"

I also would hold Mrs. Wilcox guiltless of the line "I will go hie me to my dungeon keep."

By the way poor Mordecai is subjected to a terrible onslaught of Billingsgate from Haman and Vashti, though, if my memory serves me right, Mordecai starts the battle of nasty words by describing Haman as a vulture and detailing that bird's filthy habits. Haman retorts in equally spirited style concerning Mordecai's canine ancestry. The scene is very unpleasant and the words are worse. The second scene of the third act is totally superfluous. The only excuse for it is found in Stage Manager Duffield's fireflies and a tenor ballad, which on Monday night was sung off the key. Neither the fireflies nor the "Back to the Fight" song palliate the king and Esther's protracted and, I regret to say, uninteresting (at this period) love-making.

The last act is altogether too prolonged. I had expected the curtain to fall on Haman's final discomfiture and his exit to the gallows, fifty cubits high. But no! poor Vashti who conveniently disappeared in the first chapter of Esther is incontinently dragged into the last act to do a Cleopatra turn with a scorpion, and still the curtain refused to come down. I began to expect that we were to be treated to the hanging of Haman's ten sons, but, happily, the collaborators had at last exhausted their bunch of climaxes, and after Ahasuerus had declared "the hour was late" and said a number of "good nights", we were allowed to part with the king and his consort, once more clasped in each other's arms to the accompaniment of the tenor and his lyre.

All credit should be given the Burbank Stock company for their heroic efforts at short notice. Stage Manager Duffield has really achieved wonders. William Desmond looks imperial enough and silenced some god in the gallery who was inclined to guy him with the most penetrating, awe-inspiring and royal frown I ever saw. He must be more careful about his English, especially in blank verse. Such "breaks" as "I did'st give thee power" and "Dare thou?" may be all right in "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" but sound discordant in the Persian court. Miss Brownell makes a fairly spirited Firefly-Vashti; Blanche Hall has neither the physique nor the talent for Esther. The histrionic honors really belong to Stanley Johns as Haman; he has a Frederick Wardesque delivery and was energetic and occasionally even forceful.

I am very glad I saw "Mizpah". If Mrs. Wilcox will prune it by cutting out the superfluous passages and unworthy lines, it should, with the widespread advertising it is sure to get, prove a success. But it will have to undergo several operations before Sir Henry Irving and Beerbohm Tree (vide the veracious press agent) make it a bone of contention.

R. H. C.

The weather played Old Harry at the theaters the early part of this week, not so much with the audiences as with the performers, many of whom found themselves prisoners on stalled trains between here and San Francisco. Old "David Harum" for once

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in his life "got left" and could not open at the Mason Monday evening and the engagement was cancelled. None of the "newcomers" on the Orpheum's bill arrived on time, but nevertheless the usual bumper Monday night audience was on hand and enjoyed itself thoroughly.

Once more we are indebted to the management of Belasco's for a play entirely new to Los Angeles, and a good play too. An Irish drama, redolent of "the ould sod" and with Tom Moore, Erin's poet, as hero, would be attractive enough, even if it were not new. Three of the four acts of Theodore Burt Sayre's "Tom Moore" are thoroughly interesting and true to the Irish character depicted. The popular stock company is giving admirable performances but the feature of the production is the singing of the small boy, Harold Forman. Outside of the cathedrals of Europe one rarely hears a pure and well trained treble. The lad sings "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "The Last Rose of Summer" with rare clarity and charm.

Charles B. Hanford opened an engagement at the Mason last night in "Othello", which is one of the strongest impersonations Mr. Hanford has ever done. Tonight and at the Saturday matinee he will be seen in "Don Cesar de Bazan" and will close his engagement tomorrow evening with a repetition of "Othello". His leading woman, Marie Drofnah, (Mrs. Hanford) made an excellent impression as Desdemona.

James S. Metcalfe, the brilliant critic of "Life", who has run foul of the Theatrical Managers' Association, ("the syndicate") was cross-examined in court the other day as follows:

"What is the purpose of dramatic criticism in newspapers?"

"To inform the public of the merit of theatrical productions," Mr. Metcalfe replied.

Q.—Fair and honestly, without fear or prejudice?
A.—Yes.

Q.—And one who fails to do so in that manner is not fit to hold the position of a dramatic critic? A.—No, he is not.

Q.—And you have carried out that idea in your work? A.—I have, to the best of my ability.

Q.—Should not a dramatic critic confine himself to the merits of the play, irrespective of those under whose auspices it is produced? A.—Not at all.

Q.—Then you would criticise a meritorious play adversely because it was produced by one who was personally objectionable to you? A.—I would not.

Q.—But a critic of plays should keep his personal prejudice out of sight? A.—Yes.

Q.—And you have kept out of sight your personal prejudices? A.—I have, assuming and acknowledging that I have prejudices, which I do not admit.

Q.—Can you eliminate the idea of those who are financially responsible for plays you criticise? A.—I think I can dissociate play and manager.

Trusty Tips to Theatregoers

Morosco's Burbank.—"Ten Nights in a Barroom" will be the somewhat desperate descent from the poetic drama "Mizpah" next Sunday. In apology, the management contends that the Burbank Stock company "has appeared in almost every

phase of drama since the beginning of the current season, but it is doubtful if there has yet been offered a play that will appeal to so large a class of theatergoers as 'Ten Nights'. The story, Press Agent Montrose explains, is "strong, the plot of matchless brilliance and a moral that cannot do but good!"

Belasco's.—The first symptoms of Parsifalitis are already apparent. We all want to know something about "Parsifal" before the coming of Conried, and the Belasco company will try to illumine us next week.

Orpheum.—Regular "Monday Nighters" next week will see practically an entirely new bill, owing to the fact that the new acts last week were several days late in arriving. Miss Mabel McKinley will be the headliner. The Peschkoff company will introduce the national dances of Russia. Mallory Bros., Brooks and Halliday will entertain with music and dances. Paul Powell's beautiful electric marionettes will be seen again. Piwitt with his mysterious face, the Alpine family and the Rossi Brothers will also be seen and new motion pictures will complete a big bill.

Grand.—"Beware of Men" is a play from the pen of Fitzgerald Murphy and is to be presented by W. J. Elleford with a strong company and ample scenic effects. The situations, lines, and incidental business of the play are said to be of such a nature that they compel the undivided attention of the auditor.

Stars, et al.

Julie Herne, daughter of the late James A. Herne, has written a play of modern New York life called "Richter's Wife." It was produced in New York last week by her mother at a series of matinees at the Manhattan Theater.

Francis Wilson's clever impersonation of William Jenks, of Allentown, Pa., in Clyde Fitch's rattling comedy, "Cousin Billy," has made one of the successes of the New York season.

Ferdinand Bonn, the eminent German actor, has been presenting Maxim Gorky's "Nachtasyl" in New York.

Fritzi Scheff is now singing Boccaccio in Suppe's comic opera.

Henry Miller is going temporarily into vaudeville, having signed a sixteen weeks contract. He will produce "Frederic Lemaitre," and other short plays.

Booth Tarkington has made a play out of his novel of "The Gentleman from Indiana," and this will be produced at Indianapolis.

Frank McKee has persuaded T. Daniel Frawley to play the part of Robert Burns in the forthcoming production of Nancy Stair, which will be made March 14, with Mary Manning in the title-role.

Louis James has been selected by Liebler & Co. for the role of Hardecastle in their "all-star" production of "She Stoops to Conquer," which is to be made in New York next month. Mr. James is appearing this season with notable success as Jacques in the "all-star" cast of "The Two Orphans," and will close with that organization at Washington the end of March, to prepare for the other revival.

Ibsen's latest play, "When the Dead Awaken," is to be produced in the East next month by Maurice Campbell, who is engaging a strong company for the strange piece. The production will also mark Manager Campbell's return to the syndicate's ranks after a term of belligerency which covered the years of Henrietta Crosman's success as a star.

Edith Mason and Tom Persse have joined the Kolb and Dill Company in burlesque at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco.

In the Musical World

It is reported that Richard Henry Warren has resigned from the position of organist and choirmaster at St. Bartholomew's church, New York, a post he has held for a great number of years. Trouble with the new rector is given as the cause.

This relation of clergy and choirmaster is always fraught with danger, seemingly. There is one way of safety, and only one. The musical director should be a sound churchman both in belief and in upbringing. He should be thoroughly imbued with the spirit and form of the service and in entire harmony with the reverence and ideals which underlie its virtue. He should know the church's seasons and their appropriate musical setting. He should be a skilful and schooled church choir trainer, likable, magnetic and forceful, considerate always. He should despise the dry-as-dust academic music as much as he detests the modern trivialities which are too often allowed to desecrate the service of the Maker.

If the choirmaster is not of this mold he has no business in the Episcopal fold. If, on the contrary, he be all of this he will expect it as a proper and natural thing that the rector shall direct him explicitly as to the form and spirit of the service, and from this form and spirit he will not swerve a hair's breadth.

But, beyond this, as a musician and as a churchman, competent to the highest degree in the judging of the character, practicability, and suitability of the music, he has the right to expect the ungrudging conferment of the sole responsibility in respect of all details. To give less than this is to hamper him in every phase of his work, to belittle him in the eyes of his choir, to implant gnawing chagrin in lieu of cheery loyalty, to put a department clerk's collar on the prime minister's neck.

It seems to me that no clergyman filled with an adequate appreciation of the vital calls of his parish-work in its unending phases can be less than glad to have the music in other hands. But he will be wanting in his duty if he does not see to it that those other hands are all they should be, in all regards. That point being safely and surely settled, there should be unwavering loyalty on both sides so long as the association shall last.

A most regrettable commentary upon the above article is being supplied in one of the prominent city churches at the present time. Into the merits of the case it is not possible to enter. But it is certain that out of all such fridging can come nothing but evil—evil to the church, evil to the clerics, evil to the music. And I tell you that wherever there is friction it is almost invariably the minister's fault—

and for this reason: if the choirmaster is not the man for the place he should not be there at all. Whereas, if he be all he should be, the rector must be going out of his way to find cause for trouble. But it is a pretty safe guess that so long as ministers believe themselves more musical than musicians so long will trouble trouble trouble.

Who said "age"? I see Tom Karl gave a concert at the Waldorf Astoria the other day, singing nine times with all his old time success. Mrs. Lillie Birmingham, the San Francisco contralto, who sang here with Watkin Mills, assisted Mr. Karl.

I read that my old counterpoint professor, Sir Frederick Bridge of Westminster Abbey, is fulminating against the music training which does not train. Dr. Bridge, as the director of the famous Royal Choral Society, had recently to face the task of testing the capabilities of thirty-two contralto applicants for admission to the ranks. Of this number no less than twenty-nine failed—not, mark you, for vocal disability, but solely by reason of their utter helplessness in simple sight reading.

There will be no doubt in the minds of those who know Sir Frederick Bridge that the "simple" sight reading test was not only plain and straight to the point but that there was no shirking the issue. In this he differs hugely from nine-tenths of the choral conductors, who, while loudly proclaiming insistence on reading power, look with weak amiability upon the incompetents who can at least assist in making a numerical showing.

To be quite fair, it should be admitted that some powers that be do not care a jot about reading ability. There are those who contend that, given the voice, fair musical taste, intelligence, regularity in

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attendance at rehearsals and a cheerful spirit, it is easy enough to sail safely and jubilantly into the concert harbor. It may be that in part-song work this can be done, but I would not want to bank on it. If it came to a show-down it would probably be found that the musicianly boys were doing the steering.

Be that as it may, when it comes to large scale productions in the oratorio field there is absolutely no hope of anything but the slipshod unless the choral body is in the main made up of sound, solid readers. And these sound, solid readers will never in the world materialize until two things eventuate. First, school music must rid itself of its ridiculous unpracticalities, cease to teach falsities and begin to inculcate steadily and surely the simple elements of key tonality, time and pitch—apart from the voice.

School authorities will say this is being done, and has been in the course of doing, for a generation or more. I doubt it exceedingly. Show me a dozen students who can prove it in the pages of even an ordinary hymnal, and I will begin to credit it.

The second necessity is that elementary musicianship inclusive of reading principles shall become an imperative part of the voice trainer's routine. As things are now nine-tenths of the singing teacher fraternity think it no part of their duty to look after the theoretical side of their pupils' upbuilding. Not being his business it is nobody's business, and the game of incompetency goes merrily on.

With the approach of Easter choirmasters will be on the urgent lookout for suitable music. To these may be very strongly commended Dr. H. J. Stewart's new cantata "Victory", a strong, vigorous work with a fine intermingling of the modern sensuous appealing.

The great fault with the average cantata is its undue length. The ordinary service will scarcely admit the introduction of a thirty-minute anthem. Dr. Stewart's work wisely avoids this drawback, the total time occupied in performance being only twelve minutes. Oliver Ditson Company are the publishers of this clever work.

Miss Louise Nixon Hill had a marked success before the Ebell Club on Monday afternoon with her three periods of song. Altogether apart from her delightful singing, which has a distinction all its own, Miss Hill has a quite irresistible charm of manner, and this, with her fetching ancient and modern costuming, places the cycle amongst the few really fascinating things in its field. Miss Hill is being kept at work with outside engagements, and should certainly be heard by the general public of Los Angeles.

I spoke some little time ago of Grace Longley's rapid mounting of the ladder of fame. Her February engagements included "Elijah" at Brooklyn, "Stabat Mater" at Port Chester, "St. Paul" at Brunswick, N. J., and "Samson" at Worcester, Mass. A remarkable showing for so young an artist, surely. And again there comes the lesson that musicianship is the thing to be sought for.

I have been pretty generally hauled over the coals for employing similes founded on unknown tales,

and the mocking-bird mattress mention seems to have excited special stricture. Well, this is the way the ancient story runs: He (the man in the case) bought of Rachel a second hand mattress at a bargain. Returning the next day he said angrily: "Do you know that mattress was full of bed-bugs?" "Well," said Rachel, with the characteristic shrug, "what do you expect for seventy-five cents, mockingbirds?"

Hence, the apropos application to the unreasonable people who expected Henry Savage to give them ten-dollar song-birds for a two-dollar bill.

Not a week passes without contributing its quota of letters from eastern singers, teachers and players upon divers instruments who are possessed of a devouring desire to abide with us. This week New York City and Grand Rapids, stretch out the longing hand. After answering to the effect that we were fairly well supplied in all departments, and, moreover, had recently taken to our bosoms Messrs. Heinrich, Buzzi, Janotta, Russo, et al., I asked the most experienced combination man in town what he would have told my correspondents. Here is his staggerer: "I would have said that there are shoals of pretenders, but very few musicians; and I would have added that the pretenders make a better thing of it than the musicians, because there are more fools than sensible folk in the world."

Now what do you think of that? Is it true? And, if so, can it be said of any other reputable calling? For my part, I think we would average up pretty well with the "professors" of any center, large or small. There are fakirs everywhere, and we cannot expect to be exempt.

But, in the influx of those of recognized ability, certainly none should be more cordially welcomed than Mr. Paul England, who, while possibly best known as a librettist, bears the highest endorsements as singer and teacher.

If testimonials stand for anything at all they must mean much from the pens of such folk as Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir George Grove, Plunket Greene, Dr. Sawyer, Marie Brema, Francis Allitsen and no less an authority than the Musical Librarian of the British Museum. Warmer words of appreciation could scarce be written than have been placed on record regarding Mr. England, and it gives me great pleasure to extend the most cordial hand of fellowship to the stranger within our gates.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

H. J. Stewart, the eminent San Francisco composer and organist, has paid Frederick Stevenson, the Graphic's critic, the graceful compliment of dedicating the Easter cantata, "Victory", to him. The cantata has just been published by the Oliver Ditson company.

William Mills, once the famous boy soprano of Minneapolis and St. Paul, is the latest addition to local musical circles. He has developed into a phenomenally pure lyric tenor. He has lately been a pupil of Marquis Ellis.

Peter Land has accepted a position as second bass of the Belasco quartet. For the past few months Mr. Land has been a pupil of Marquis Ellis.

Dr. William Mason



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"Modesty," wrote Addison in his essay on The Extension of the Female Neck, "gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth: it bestows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinstates the widow in her virginity." Addison was lamenting the fashionable abandonment of "a certain female ornament called a tucker and by others the neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of a woman's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom." I wonder if the female neck is to be extended this summer by the inexorable decree of fashion. I notice that a society has been formed in the East to preach and practice against the net-work waists that women have affected the last two or three summers. I imagine that the good ladies of the local branches of the W. C. T. U. will not be slow to embrace this opportunity. To my own eye and taste the fashion of our great grandmothers, with their low-necked gowns even in broad daylight, was more comely and decent than the cobweb waists.

Financial

A new bank with a paid in capital of \$200,000 is proposed at Long Beach.

The United States National bank will open for business in the present quarters of the Farmers and Merchants National on March 27. This is the date on which the Farmers and Merchants will open at Fourth and Main streets. The officials of the new bank are: I. W. Hellman, Jr., president; O. M. Souden of Whittier, vice president; E. J. Vawter, Jr., cashier; directors: I. W. Hellman, Jr., O. M. Souden, J. A. Graves, M. A. Newmark, R. H. Lacy, M. A. Hamburger, Dr. J. H. Bullard. E. J. Vawter, Jr., has resigned the position of note teller at the Security Savings bank to accept the more responsible place of cashier of the new bank. The capital stock of the United States National bank is \$200,000, paid up, with a paid up surplus of \$50,000.

The directors of the Security Savings bank have created two new positions, assistant cashier and assistant secretary. T. Q. Hall, long connected with the bank, has been appointed to the former, and W. M. Caswell to the latter. Mr. Caswell was formerly connected with the Los Angeles Savings bank, which the Security Savings bank absorbed some time ago.

At the recent special meeting of the stockholders of the Equitable Savings bank J. O. Koepfli of Bishop & Co., and president of the chamber of commerce; Willis H. Booth of Levi Booth & Son, W. J. Doran, vice president of the Los Angeles National bank, and P. F. Johnson, cashier, were elected members of the board of directors. The other members of the board are W. J. Washburn, president; Archibald Douglas, vice president, and president of the Los Angeles Stoneware and Sewer Pipe company; Frank P. Flint, United States senator; Charles S. Bradford of Stockwell & Bradford, and George E. Bittinger, cashier of the Los Angeles National bank. The steady growth of the savings bank is best shown by the following showing of comparative deposits: March 11, 1903, began business; July 1, 1903, deposits, \$491,500; January 1, 1904, \$662,800; July 1, \$819,800; January 1, 1905, \$1,012,300.

At the first annual meeting of the Coöperative Savings bank the following officers were re-elected: M. P. Snyder, president; Arthur Letts, vice president; S. G. Lehmer, secretary; F. H. Nichols, cashier; Allen Durand, assistant cashier. The following directors were also chosen: Arthur Letts, J. B. Lankershim, M. P. Snyder, F. U. Nofziger, Warren Gillelen, Dr. W. W. Hitchcock, D. K. Trask, J. B. Millard, F. H. Nichols and S. G. Lehmer. With the exception of Judge Trask, the above named were former directors of the bank. The financial report for the first eleven months' business showed deposits of \$348,000, with assets amounting to almost one-half million.

Bonds

The City Council and the street superintendent of Los Angeles are considering ways and means to secure funds for street improvements, which are badly needed, which may result in their asking the city to issue bonds in the sum of \$1,000,000.

It had been hoped that the ordinance for the bond election to be called for the El Cajon water system,

would be ready for passage at a late meeting of the San Diego council, but there is some data lacking and a further delay is unavoidable.

Residents of the Tajauta school district, near Watts Station on the Los Angeles Interurban line, are agitating the question of a bond issue of \$25,000. They desire to erect a new school building.

Petitions are being circulated in the San Pedro school district, praying for a division of the school district. The board of supervisors will hear the matter of division of the New River school district March 21.

A formal petition has been made to the city council by citizens of La Jolla for the construction at that resort of a sewer system and water reservoir. The absence of fire protection is also mentioned. The petition demands that a fair share of the proceeds raised by the bond issue be applied to their needs.

The city council of Pasadena has adopted on its second reading, the ordinance calling for the water bond election. The council recently met with the county supervisors to discuss the plan of a series of cross ditches or canals to care for storm waters, but the county officials declined to do anything in the matter.

The voters of the Union High School district of Fernando will vote on a bond issue March 31, the money being intended to erect a school building.

The Gold King Mining Co. of Prescott, Ariz., intends to float a bond issue of \$100,000 with which to develop the mine and buy machinery.

A special election will be held in Monrovia on April 19 to decide on issuing bonds to the amount of \$55,000 for various municipal improvements.

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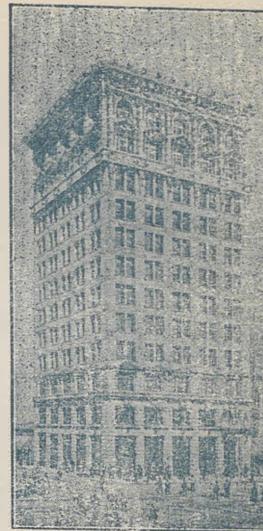
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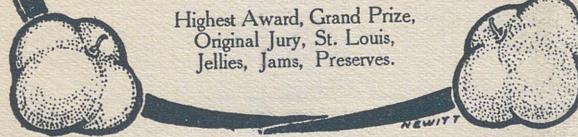
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